

Same day I removed the young Cowbird, killed it, and made a skin of it.

June 21.—Three young sparrows doing nicely.

June 25.—Young had left the nest and were in care of parents.

July 10.—Same nest reoccupied by the same pair of birds, slight repairs being made on the inside, and now contains four eggs. One of the birds sitting closely and loth to leave the nest.

July 15.—Nest contains three young and one unhatched egg. Eyes of young birds not open. One young apparently hatched to-day.

July 18.—Young sparrows getting their eyes open. Fourth egg did not hatch.

July 22.—Sparrow's nest robbed and demolished, but a slight trace of it being left. Possibly the work of some prowling cat.

The feature in this instance was the rearing of one and the hatching of another brood in the same nest by the same pair of birds the same season. Such an occurrence is not a common one, according to my experience, although I have known of Robins doing a similar thing.

A COLUMBUS MID-WINTER HORIZON.

BY W. LEON DAWSON.

THERE were big doings in town today. A governor, or somebody, was to be inaugurated. Brass bands crashed, militiamen marched and counter-marched, officers of the day strutted and bawled orders, while Masonic grandees waved gorgeous plumes from top-heavy headgear (they tell me), and *hoi polloi* enjoyed themselves generally. I wasn't there. I'd rather see a squad of Towhees or an aerial proces-

sion of Blue Jays than a gubernatorial staff under full sail. The governor—dear man, the one sober, modest, capable person in all the chaos of regalia, and noise, and aspiration—he didn't miss me, much. Excited by reports of a winter bird paradise off north-east, I set out at 9 a. m., in spite of a brisk north wind and threatening snow, at a temperature of 21° Fahr. Arrayed in two sweaters and an incommunicable number of trousers, I was determined to hold carnival with the birds. I took oath to report them faithfully, and their silent admiration was as flattering to my appreciative soul as the applause of the gaping crowds down town could possibly have been to his excellency.

A romantic little ravine opening to the east off North High street proved to be all that my father had reported it in point of scenic interest. If one can fancy himself reduced to the dimensions of a squirrel or a Cardinal, the rugged outlines of the shale banks sustain the illusion of a wild gorge in the mountains. The "run" winds about, too, in most delightful fashion; so that as one rests in the last covert, near the head, preparatory to emerging upon *terra plana*, one may fancy that he has come a half day's journey in that half mile, so perfectly has every feature of illusion been rendered in miniature.

As I paused near the ravine's head to note a few common-places, a Migrant Shrike rose from the ground of a briar tangle hardby and settled near. He was visibly annoyed at the intrusion; but I did not care for that until I had settled that he bore no mark of vermiculation and was to all appearance veritable *migrans*. He drew away reluctantly, and the cause of his regret was manifest in a half-eaten English Sparrow which he had purloined from a nearby gamin roost. Eat thy fill, O *Lanius*, of our toothsome English friends. Let thy conscience rest until some fledgling reformer, suffering from ornithological strabismus announces a better use for them.

A ten-acre wood lot abutting upon three North Broadway back-yards (unusually, but gratefully plebeian as to manure

piles and such) proved to be a genuine mid-winter paradise. Scarcely had I set foot within its precincts when I lighted on a heavy blackberry tangle, as being the probable rendezvous of Towhee. Sure enough *Pipilo erythrophthalmus erythrophthalmus* (à la Ridgway) was there. He sprang out of cover and shouted "Marie!" in good-natured pretense of dudgeon, while he settled his black cap over his ears and adjusted his tawny fur cape about his immaculate front. I did not go through that blackberry patch. The Shrikes would have been licking my giblets off the briars for a week if I had persisted. Three Towhees rewarded my several feints, and I was content to take the rest on faith.

The woods were alive with birds. Even when a light snow blew horizontally through the trees, Red-heads scolded and hammered, Flickers flashed their golden wings from tree to tree, or probed the ground; while Blue Jay, ubiquitous Blue Jay—there were forty of him at the least—reveled in the general hubbub.

An unusual din in which Blue Jay's voice predominated led me to the north-west corner of the wood. The center of attraction proved to be a certain hole, or crevice, about twenty-five feet high in an ash tree. The Blue Jays retreated as I advanced to the shelter of a commanding tree-bole; but the rest of the birds held their ground. I watched while Red-headed Woodpeckers took turns peeping into the hole and shuddering. Once a Red-head yelled "Ouch!" and jumped a yard or more. Chickadees clamored, "Let-me-see! Let-me-see!" while Titmice sputtered their indignation. A pair of White-breasted Nuthatches inspected the locality minutely. One murmured, "Horrible! the hypocritical old cut-throat!" And the woods quaked and shivered assent.

Of course I knew what was up and I came forward to take a hand in the game. A couple of smart raps from a stick brought a weary and somnolent Screech Owl to the mouth of the hole. He blinked aimlessly about and sank back. "Well," thought I, "he's slow. I'll go up and interview

him." The tree was of considerable girth and almost bare of limbs. I tried to keep an eye on the hole, but somehow, when I got there, panting fiercely, the hole contained "nothing but leaves." Sir Owl had flitted, chuckling noiselessly in his silken sleeve.

The wood yielded in all, to a cursory examination, sixteen species of birds—and half the time it snowed. A twenty-acre beech woods beyond was still more hastily examined. It yielded additional Towhees, a troop of Cardinals, and a swarm of Juncoes.

The hawks, which were several times sighted, were believed to be Red-tails. Both were in winter plumage, and diagnostic tests were hard to apply. One bird, seen at a considerable distance, showed irregular blotches below on a white ground. He was especially marked by a brilliant white rump, and that in a light which made the color of the tail itself uncertain. The other bird was uniformly light below, save for black-tipped primaries and a dusky tail.

The grackle was discovered in a bush clump of an open, wind-swept wood lot. He kept well to himself and seemed to be a little logy, though apparently sound of wing and limb.

A wisp of Horned Larks, passing over, was quite likely to have contained, or to have *been*, Prairie Horned; but I count only the more probable species in a record hunt.

The commonest bird in all Ohio during the winter months, Tree Sparrow, was the last to show up. When I had my old high water mark of twenty-two species in my note book, I searched high and low for the missing bird. At last he quavered hospitably from the densities of a weed thicket, but I declined his invitation to tarry. Twenty-three species in one day breaks my winter record. Let us hear from the next man.

The horizon for the four hour trip follows:

Red-tailed Hawk, 2.
Screech Owl.
Hairy Woodpecker.

Downy Woodpecker.
Red-headed Woodpecker.
Red-bellied Woodpecker.

Flicker.	Cardinal.
Horned Lark.	Migrant Shrike.
Crow.	Carolina Wren.
Blue Jay.	Brown Creeper.
Bronzed Grackle.	White-breasted Nuthatch.
Junco.	Red-breasted Nuthatch, 1.
Tree Sparrow.	Tufted Titmouse.
Towhee.	Chickadee.
Song Sparrow.	

Columbus, Jan. 13, 1902.

NOTES.

MIGRATION OF BLUEBIRDS.—In several different sections of Montgomery and Delaware counties, Pa., on November the 12th, 13th and 14th, I observed large numbers of Bluebirds (*Sialia sialis*). On each of the days mentioned seeing many flights, varying, I should say, from a half-dozen to fifteen or twenty birds in each flight, and the general direction taken by all was southward. The predominant weather during this time was clear and cold, and the prevailing winds were from the north-west. I never before noted such an extensive migration of these birds. A few years ago large numbers of Robins were reported in migration in the Eastern United States, which I observed in this region, and thinking the present Bluebird migration might be likewise noted in other sections, leads me to report this little bit of migration data; although the present migration of Bluebirds, as I observed it, was not so extensive as that of the Robins.—W. E. ROTZELL, M. D., Narberth, Pa.

SOME WINTER RECORDS FOR LORAIN COUNTY, OHIO.—Never since the writer began studying the birds of this county, eleven years ago, has a winter been so fruitful in surprises as the present one. Until the 14th of December